



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

Perfectly Matched



romance

doomforthcoming

37 1 2

Chapter 1 by Wikedywik

We walked hand in hand along the pier. Him and I. My soulmate. My truelove. My everything. We were perfectly matched.

"Trevor..." I asked lazily. He looked down at me. "Isn't this just wonderful?"

He smiled and nodded. "It is, isn't it?"

That was how we usually worked. He knew what I meant. I knew what he meant. Like I said, we were perfectly matched.

I unlocked hands with him to grab some bread out of the bag in my other hand. I threw it into the pond, and ducks and geese swarmed it. Trevor reached over and threw some as well. When we reached the end of the pier, we sat down at the edge of it, his arm around me. We continued throwing bread to the birds.

I sighed blissfully. "It really is wonderful." I murmured. He turned and kissed my forehead, obviously agreeing.

"What are we to do when we get back?" He asked. I shrugged.

"Eat chocolate chip cookies? I'm getting hungry." I said.

"Well, we do have bread right here." He said.

And steal from the birds. How rude.

He shoved a piece of bread into my mouth. "It doesn't taste good. I took a piece of bread from the bag and put it into his smiling mouth.

"Mm, tasty." He said.

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

The sun was setting overhead. And quite beautifully. Rays of yellow and pink splashed above us, merging with the purple and blue opposite of the setting sun.

It was perfect. We were perfect. Happy, blissful, content, any word to describe our togetherness.

Chapter 2 by Wikedywik



But things have changed. The world we live in has glitches like any other place half made of electricity. His energetic hair has turned from a kind green to a menacing red, and mine has turned from peaceful purple to scared grey. They promised to match us *perfectly*. *Promised*. And they did. But now he's different, and so am I.

He's abusive, and hasn't held my hand the same since the Wave. I shake more than not, and I haven't had a happy thought unless it was a daydream. My sleep is haunted with nightmares. My skin is riddled with bruises. Trevor sneers and smirks at me, and there is nothing I can do to avoid his stare.

What should I do?!?

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

See more of Story Wars

Write a comment...

Login

or

Create new account

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account